

The Critic

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Grant: His Character and Tomb.

THE flood of prose and verse, which was partially checked when General Grant made his last recovery from immediate danger of death, is given full sway now, and threatens to destroy by very quantity of mediocrity the reverence we must have for him and his fame. If THE CRITIC ventures to say one more word, it is because there is reason to believe that certain things well to say have so far been left unuttered. Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Stanton—these men belong to a species never before known to history. One looks to Europe, of to-day, Europe of the past, to classical ages such as we know them, and to the ages that are classical in the eyes of Orientals, but finds no parallel sufficiently close to compare with them. Read Suetonius on Cæsar, to take a great commander who was a statesman as well, or examine for an estimate on Cæsar the kinder Plutarch: it is mocking Grant to suggest a likeness to Cæsar except in certain qualities of the successful soldier, like imperturbability under excessive strain, or the breadth of military view which caused Cæsar, like Grant at Shiloh, to understand that all the advantage lay in attack, when confronted by Ariovistus and his enormous force of Germans. Cincinnatus is a favorite parallel: Grant was a farmer; Cincinnatus returned to his farm. But it needs little classical lore to see that such comparisons are forced in the extreme. Grant was the most conspicuous example of the kind of men that the American commonwealths in the Union are able to evolve when there is need. On the southern side Stonewall Jackson had similar traits; but note, that Jackson did not come from the special planter element of the Southern States; he belonged to Virginian stock which approached nearly to the Northern yeomanry in character as it did in place. Grant was truly described by one of his officers in the Army of the Potomac: 'Look for the *slouchiest* man you can find at headquarters—it will be Grant.'

The absence of 'fuss and feathers' recorded of Grant, at all ages, under all circumstances, was much more deeply typical than people dreamed. It was perfectly natural and unstudied, and not, what in a little smaller man it might have been, an outward protest against the pomp kept up by General Scott, for example, or by certain generals of the rebellion whose star was as unlucky as their uniforms were brave. It may be said to have been a defect, for it dashed and alienated many who work better for some outward sign of a brilliant, enterprising, haughty mind. Custer owed something to his curls, his high boots, brave coats and fine mares; the mere sight of him electrified and made men brave. Grant's abstracted, almost indifferent mien cooled and disconcerted the imaginative. To women it was a shock when they found a great and renowned commander so unimpressive, so impassive and phlegmatic, so unmartial in his outward appearance; and many men have the nerves and the demand for encouragement that we recognize in women. But Grant could not have been a 'Fighting Joe,'

or written the bombastic bulletins of General Pope and at the same time have had the steady nerve which succeeded in shattering the army of Lee. The latter, his opponent and contrast, was of the order of Washington, the Colonial ideal, the inheritor of 18th century traditions, but not American except as America still retained in 1860, within the Chinese wall of slavery, the habits, aspirations and political views of a century before. Grant was the 'natural leader of the northern Democracy; Lee that of the southern Aristocracy; and each was in consistent relation with one of those sections of our nation. We all remember how prompt was the rally of the southerners, how quick their generals were to learn the art of war. How long it took to rouse the real strength of the North, and how difficult it seemed for the northern people to get their officers into fighting trim, remain a bitterness to us to the present day. The interferences of Halleck and Stanton could not be borne by a soldier of less phlegm than Grant, or one less ready to acknowledge merit in others and to efface himself if a superior officer or the need of the time demanded such a sacrifice.

It was this new pattern of man whom the rest of the world was curious to see, and Grant found interest everywhere. His was a type that puzzled Europe, if it did not attract; in the end most of his many hosts, who were diplomatically honoring his mighty and successful land in his person, came to recognize the strong nature of the man under an apparent mediocrity. We have witnessed great revulsions of feeling concerning him at home, and it is the history of to-day how magnificent was his conduct when beggared by his sons and the sharpeners they played with, how bravely he fought the hardest fight of all—that of dishonor to his fame, and how tragic and splendid was his battle with death. If, during his second Presidential term, there was a lull in his advance as a character, yet on looking across the whole field of his life one must acknowledge that his evolution has been always toward broader mental and moral horizons. Life and strength was accorded him to turn the cruel blow from Wall Street into a new laurel in his garland; for on the one hand it showed him turning to work for his family, on the other his papers and reminiscences not yet completely published, proved that the old taunts of mental slowness had no foundation, that the writing of his public documents by others was a charge much more than improbable and that Grant, if not an orator and historian of the calibre of Cæsar, was at least respectable in the author's field.

A commander of such unusual value to his country, so representative moreover of his people and time, deserves the impressive obsequies accorded to a Lincoln and has a right to sleep forever where the pulse of that people beats the fastest. New York helped with men and money, more than any other one city, to win the war; she aided Grant in his darkest hour, and probably contains ten times as many of his friends than any other place. We know how undemonstrative but unswerving was his hold on friends; by his own desire friendly New York is to have his body. It only remains to decide where the mausoleum to contain it shall stand. Of all places suggested, Central Park is the worst; it is undignified to lay him in a pleasure-ground like Riverside Park; to place him in a cemetery is not level with his deserts; to entomb him at a distance would be a mistake. Remembering that he was a graduate of West Point, and that his greatest claim to glory was purely military, we must look for some spot associated with military ideas yet practically within quick reach of the city. What spot is more appropriate, what more truly central than GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, the army headquarters, the home of the new military museum, the vis-à-vis of Bedloe's Island with the Statue of Liberty? Far enough from the vulgar toil of the day, yet very accessible, removed just a little from the tumult of the great town, within view of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken and Staten Island, guarded by the ramparts of the fort and the soldiers on duty there, the remains of Grant would rest as no monarch does—unless it be Napo-

leon under the dome of the Invalides watched over by the few tottering veterans of his cruel wars. As one comes up the bay the Liberty will rise on the left; then the towers of the city and the Brooklyn Bridge will be seen in the background. In the right foreground, within the level lines of the fort, and contrasting with the old round water-battery, should rise a beautiful, simple, massive structure as an emblem of the character of the unpretentious hero who lies within.

His Last Victory.

SOLDIER, rest, as soldiers may
When their warfare all is ended;
Final victory to-day
On thy banner has descended.

Not by blood and smoke and flame
With the cannon's doleful thunder,
But by calm endurance came
That which moves our love and wonder.

On this painful, silent field
All alone we saw thee ever
Standing firm where others yield,
Brave unto the last endeavor.

Soldier, thy heroic strife
Thus has added, still is giving
Something more to human life,
To the dignity of living.

Peace may now pervade thy breast,
Pain and anxious thought are ended;
Lay thy weary head to rest
In the land thy arm defended.

Sleep the sleep at last that comes
Unto all with little warning,
Till thou hear the rolling drums
Beat the *reveille* at morning.

Stars above and men below
Will the faithful watch be keeping,
While the breezes come and go
Round the tent where thou art sleeping.

SAMUEL V. COLE.

Reviews

"The Huguenot Emigration to America."*

AMONG the varied elements composing that very miscellaneous multitude which, impelled by widely different motives, sought the shores of America during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, the French Protestants may justly claim the first rank. The best qualities which distinguish the other classes of colonists were all united in them. They combined the religious fervor and devotion to duty of the Puritan with the high breeding and social refinement of the Cavalier, the commercial enterprise of the Dutch, the industry and domestic virtues of the Germans, and the pacific and kindly temper of the followers of Penn. They added to these qualities a tolerant spirit, and a regard for the rights and feelings of others, which their fellow-colonists did not always exhibit. It is not surprising, therefore, that they were everywhere welcomed into the best classes of the settlements, and that they left everywhere a reputation of which their descendants have good reason to be proud.

Yet it is a noteworthy fact that, with all these high qualities, the Huguenots never once succeeded in their many efforts at founding a separate colony of their own. Dr. Baird, in the two attractive volumes in which he has summed up the results of much careful research, has given us the most complete account of these attempts which has

yet been furnished. The unfortunate expedition of Ville-gagnon to Rio de Janeiro, the still more disastrous attempts of Laudonnière and Ribaud in Florida, the fitful and fruitless struggles of De Monts and De Caen and their followers in Acadia and Canada, the sad destiny of the Huguenot colonies in the French Antilles, the various mischances and final abandonment of the French settlements at Oxford in Massachusetts and at Frenchtown in Rhode Island, are all described with conscientious and depressing minuteness. In some instances the misfortunes of the emigrants arose from causes which they could not control; but in others the circumstances give rise to a suspicion that among the many admirable qualities of the French Protestants there were lacking—as there seem to have been equally lacking in their Catholic countrymen in Canada and India—that capacity for combined action and that stubborn persistency which finally brought success to the colonists of other nationalities. The ultimate issue of these many misfortunes, however, was on the whole rather favorable than otherwise. The Huguenot refugees, dispersed among the various Protestant settlements from Maine to South Carolina, and, readily adapting themselves to their new associations, became everywhere esteemed and useful citizens. They were the most enterprising and successful merchants of Boston and New York. In zeal for education the Puritans themselves did not surpass them, and in public spirit hardly equalled them. Bowdoin College, Faneuil Hall, and other less celebrated names, preserve evidence of their enlightened liberality. The evil policy of Louis XIV, disastrous to France, was a special stroke of fortune for England and her colonies.

The events which preceded and followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes are related by the author with much fulness, and with many details which have never before been published. From the English and French archives, from colonial and family records, and from well-authenticated traditions, he has drawn a vast array of novel facts and traits, which bring the personages and incidents of the time vividly before us. The narrative, tragical as it generally is, is enlivened by many heroic deeds, fortunate escapes, and romantic adventures. Our writers of fiction, when the present taste for photographic pictures of every-day life shall have passed away, will find in these volumes of Dr. Baird abundant hints for exercises in that higher style of imaginative literature in which Scott, Hugo, and Hawthorne won their best fame. As a history, it must be admitted that the work suffers by its plan and purpose, which have converted a large portion of it into a series of local and family chronicles. There is necessarily a lack of connection, with a profusion of small incidents and personal details, which possess little interest for the general reader. These very details, however, will give the work a peculiar value to the descendants of the emigrants, who are numerous enough to furnish an ample public for any author. To all who take a special interest in the history of the Anglo-American colonies and the religious development of Europe and America in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, Dr. Baird's work will be indispensable. The present volumes, it should be stated, comprise only the earlier events of the emigration and the later history of those refugees who settled in New England. A future work will be devoted to the fortunes of the Huguenot settlers in the Middle and Southern Colonies.

A Popular History of Russia.*

THE friendship between the United States and Russia, so firm and long continued, is a mystery to many people on both sides of the Atlantic. They wonder what concord the young republic has with the military autocracy. The bonds which hold in friendship the two diverse and distant peoples are acknowledged to be strong, but the material of their fibre is a secret. Yet a study of facts and possibilities solves much of the mystery.

* History of the Huguenot Emigration to America. By Charles W. Baird, D.D. 2 vols. Illustrated. \$5. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

* A Popular History of Russia. By Alfred Rambaud. Translated by L. B. Lang. 3 vols. \$6. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

In the first place, readers of history do not forget Russia's kindness to our country during the two periods which tried the souls of her men and women. When, to put down the rebellion of his colonies, King George applied to Catharine II. for mercenaries, the Czarina of all the Russias sarcastically answered that she had no soldiers to sell. The Hanoverian then turned to the 'shambles' of some petty German princes. Twenty-seven thousand Hessians, who have left among us half the number of their carcasses, their garlic which still ruins the flavor of New Jersey butter, and the insatiable fly which is at this moment devastating our fields, were shipped to our shores. The first-fruits of that chapter of history were undying love to the Russian, hatred to the hirelings and their employer.

A second strong link of friendship between the United States and Russia was forged by diplomacy in 1824, when the navigation and fisheries of the Pacific were declared free to Americans. Eight years later, the ports, places and rivers of Alaska were thrown open, and protection was guaranteed to Americans. The fur and whaling trade of our citizens in Russian waters has had a powerful effect in enriching our people and settling the northwest. Patriotic traditions and solid mercantile gains now joined hands. The sale of Alaska was a friendly act, the full benefit of which is being slowly but surely appreciated by Americans. Add to these historical facts certain others—the emancipation of serfdom in one country and of slavery in the other, the mutual bereavement by assassination of beloved rulers, the steady patronage by the Czar of American invention and engineering talent—and the cord of friendship is found to be many-plied.

If to the solid ground of history we join things in the air, certain geographical and sentimental considerations, and it will be seen that the bonds are to be strengthened, rather than weakened, in the future. Europe is divided into the western or complex half, and the eastern or uniform half, which is Russia. Nature, as well as policy and religion, has divided the great plain governed by the Czar from the rest of the continent. By geography and tradition the Russians feel less like Europeans and more like Americans. Their territory, on the east, adjoins ours. They feel young and fresh, with a future, a career ahead. The other nations dwell in afternoon, evening, night; young Russia is still in the morning. Russia, except for her own ends—to gain access to the sea, freedom of commerce, and to hold Constantinople—is out of European politics, and is busy in civilizing central and eastern Asia. The Americans are taming their own vast domain; so are the Russians. The two peoples understand each other vastly better than it is possible for a Briton or even a German to understand a loyal subject of the Czar.

We think the best history of Russia is yet to be written by an American. The one before us is a good one for popular use, and is the production of a brilliant young Frenchman, Albert Rambaud. He is connected with the ministry of education in Paris, and his work 'has been crowned by the French Academy.' He cites few authorities, so that the page is unencumbered with foot-notes, but in the text is an assuring air of candor and a love for judicious statement. Wisely, we think, he condenses his story until the Nineteenth Century is reached, to the treatment of which nearly one-half of the work is devoted. The wars of Napoleon, so bloody, and the Crimean scimmages, so unscientific, are described in picturesque narrative. The editor has added by compilation an account of the last Russo-Turkish conflict which, largely because an original writing is better than a translation, reads even more smoothly than the text in the body of the work. The story is brought down to 1882.

There are several meritorious features in these volumes which deserve notice. The story is clear, it is a unity, it is as free as possible from technical details and uncouth names, the dates are sufficient in number, and the style is, for a translation, excellent. The type is large; print, paper, and

binding, tables of contents, chapter divisions, page headings and index are all good. The book is well equipped, and well worth its price. Nevertheless, we do not like the cramped margins, and we deny the truth of the publisher's statements that the book is published in 1886, as the title-page asserts; and that 'illustrations have been freely used,' when but one steel-plate portrait in each volume has rewarded our diligent search.

Under the Aurora's Rays.*

To learn from the preface that the author of this new work on the Aurora Borealis had made his observations as participator in the work of the International Polar Research Expeditions of 1882-83, with the object of effecting measurements for determining the height of the phenomenon above the earth's crust, may lead the reader to look for a work of profound scientific technicalities too abstruse to give general information. Very slight investigation, however, reveals this beautiful volume, so admirably issued, as one of the pleasantest of books of travel, dealing hardly more than incidentally with the Aurora, and then with such interesting statistics and beautiful illustrations as to make this one of the most entertaining parts of the two volumes. Science is still busy with the Aurora, but has at least convinced herself that it is an electrical phenomenon, and has succeeded in analyzing its elements sufficiently well to be able to manufacture an artificial Aurora, pictures of which are given in the book. The illustrations, of which there are 150, those of costume being in color, add very much to the attractiveness and value of a singularly attractive and valuable work. It would seem as if the author could find little in the desolate cold country of the Lapps, with the exception of his scientific pursuits, to interest either himself or his readers; but in reality he has accumulated a great quantity of facts as to the life and customs of the people, while his descriptions of the scenery are a wonderfully vivid reproduction of the marvellous effects accomplished by mere black and white in the landscape. He dwells with delight on the midnight sun, which he was fortunate enough to witness in one of its most beautiful exhibitions, but perhaps he is most enthusiastic over one of the simplest scenes in his travels, when the landscape seemed, as he himself describes it, like 'the immense grave of Nature.' A breathless silence reigned, not a sound fell on the ear, no cloud was visible in the blue vault of heaven, whence the sun cast a dazzling splendor over the impressive monotony of outline and of color—ice, hill, and shrub being the sole patterns in the white carpet—black and white being the only colors employed by nature; and yet of this scene the author could write:

'I have stood on the Monument of London, on the Triumphal Arch of Paris; I have beheld the desert from the Pyramid of Cheops; I have gazed on waterfalls, glaciers, forests, volcanoes, geysers, and oceans from the lofty cones of Saxony, Switzerland, Scotland, the Faroe Islands, Scandinavia, and Iceland, but neither the living, animated picture spread before my eyes in the two great hives of civilization, nor the wonderful, picturesque phenomena of Nature I beheld in yonder lands, impressed me as much as the view from the barren top of Gargovarr, looking at all silent Lapland.'

Palgrave's Lyrical Poems of Tennyson.†

THE newest things about this new edition of Tennyson's lyrical poems, apart from the excellent taste shown by the editor, in his part of the work, are the graceful dedication 'To Emily, Lady Tennyson,' and the helpful notes and explanations at the back of the book. The former is rather a poem, *ad Emiliam* than a letter of dedication, and contains

* Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis. By Sophus Tromholt. Illustrated. \$7.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
† Lyrical Poems by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Selected and Annotated by F. T. Palgrave. \$1.25. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

much personal reminiscence that is full of charm. Francis Turner Palgrave is the originator of the Golden Treasury Series of selections and editions, and in this his latest venture he has displayed the same aptitude and instinct for what is fine that his many readers will recall as peculiar to all his anthologies. 'England's Helicon' is fortunate in possessing a vassal, so tried, true, and intelligent, who not only penetrates the odorous and tangled thickets of the poets for himself, but unselfishly brings thence for our delectation spoils so perfect as the poems contained in this volume. All the well-known and well-thumbed favorites are here, and even copious extracts from 'Maud' and 'In Memoriam.' The refined character of the volume in print, paper, and binding makes it a pleasure to possess. One or two of the notes may be noticed. Thus, 'Europa's mantle blue' (in 'The Palace of Art'), so often misprinted for 'blew,' is corrected. 'A cycle of Cathay' (from 'Locksley Hall'), about which so much learned and useless ink has been spilled, is explained as simply 'any number of years of what is popularly described as Chinese immobility.' The 'horns of Elfland' were said to have been suggested by the bugle-echoes over the Lakes of Killarney. 'The sea-blue bird of March' (recently so much discussed by the ornithologists of *The Academy*) is said to be 'the kingfisher noticed by the author in Northeast Lincolnshire as then coming up inland.' But surely, Mr. Palgrave forgot the noble lyrical character of the 'blank-verse' Psalms when he wrote his note on 'Tears, Idle Tears.'

Minor Notice

'THE Life and Letters of Emory Upton,' by Peter S. Michie (Appleton, \$2), is an interesting and valuable book, less because of the life or the letters, which are hardly more eventful or more entertaining than those of the average man in Gen. Upton's position, than because of the military work which the General did in time of peace, the profound interest which he took in the subject of military organization, the study which he made of the organization, tactics, discipline and manœuvres of foreign armies, and the theories resulting from such study which he formed for the benefit of his own country. The comparison between the armies of Asia and of Europe shows that the former are maintained for the purpose chiefly of keeping order and peace within their own borders, while the object of the latter is less to preserve peace and their present state of government than to contend for new territory and increased power. The comparison of our own military policy during the first century of the republic with the present military policy of European powers, shows the difference to be principally this: that while Europe prosecutes her wars exclusively with trained armies, completely organized and led by officers specially educated, we have begun and carried on most of our wars with raw troops whose officers had to be educated in the expensive school of war. The result has been in our own case humiliating statistics, if not as to final conquest, at least as to the losses entailed by our conquests. Gen. Upton believed, with Washington, in a good army rather than a great army; but he believed emphatically in such military organization as should enable the United States to depend in time of war on volunteers only for infantry, these volunteers even being all trained and commanded by officers of military education and experience. To the enthusiastic layman it seems as if Gen. Upton laid almost too much stress on the advantages of having the heaviest battalions, and gave too little credit to the moral value of such volunteer enthusiasm as carried the day in our latest conflict; but the General's view in point of fact is not a plea for heavier battalions, but a theory, based on practical study, that moral enthusiasm for right and justice effectively managed by knowledge and experience, will necessitate fewer battalions for the accomplishment of the same end. For those who do not care to master the technical detail of the General's own book, this excellent summary of his ideas by his friend will be a source of helpful information.

Recent Fiction

THE Harpers republish in the Franklin Square Library 'Sylvan Holt's Daughter,' by Holme Lee. It is an excellent thing to re-awaken interest in good old-fashioned novels; but there must certainly be a great dearth of original matter and of good recent literature to reprint, when it becomes necessary to fall back upon a story of very moderate interest, which is merely the average English tale with the usual complications—unhappy marriages, misunderstandings, and domestic tragedies, with the inevitable final reconciliations and happiness ever after.—An excellent book for boys is 'Boy Life in the United States Navy,' by H. H. Clark, U. S. N., illustrated. (D. Lothrop & Co.) It contains the inevitable very good boy and the equally inevitable very bad boy, with the usual dangers, escapes, rescues, and rewards of virtue; but the style is natural and easy, and the book gives genuine information as to the life of a boy on a United States man-of-war.

THE latest issues of the Riverside Paper Series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) are Dr. Holmes's 'Elsie Venner' and Mr. Aldrich's 'The Stillwater Tragedy.' The detail of all Dr. Holmes's work is so fine that those perfectly familiar with the physiological and psychological problem which forms the basis of 'Elsie Venner' will re-read it with the same interest as ever, for the sake of such 'good things' scattered through it as the account of Col. Sprowle's evening party, and the description of the high advantages to be enjoyed at the 'Apollinean Institute.' Mr. Aldrich's story is good and entertaining, more especially as a novel detective story in which the detectives don't detect, and as an excellent illustration of the futility of a good deal of circumstantial evidence. At the same time Mr. Aldrich's *forte* is the delicate and dainty, rather than the tragic.

THERE is a certain amount of funniness, almost as a matter of course, in Mr. F. Anstey's farcical romance of 'The Tinted Venus.' (Appleton's Paper Series.) Mr. Anstey's style is always more or less amusing, and the subject which he has chosen is necessarily funny, combining as it does the ancient and classical with the modern and slangy, in representing a marble Venus as a lively Galatea in love with a young barber. At the same time, there is a decided vein of coarseness and a commonness of tone which go far towards depressing the amusement. One reads with patience, perhaps, but hardly with enthusiasm.

'JOHN NEEDHAM'S DOUBLE,' by Joseph Hatton (Harper's Handy Series), is an ingenious and entertaining story with a fine murder in it. It is concise, without too much puzzling and intricate detail; it is original and not too unnatural to be within the range of possibility; and it suggests that in every delective movement there should be, if possible, a woman with intuitions.

A Protest Against Dialect.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Admitting all that Mr. Page says as true, still, is not his 'exculpation' rather diaphanous? The printer may have erred (he always does), the Negro may copy his language from his associates, his dialect may be 'in a constant state of mutation' and vary according to the conditions laid down by Mr. Page—though it would take a much bolder man than I am to credit him with 'imagination' (I grant him the 'liver!'),—still, how do these reasons apply in 'Marse Chan' to excuse or explain the marvellous philological fluency of old Uncle Sam? I fail to see what Mr. Page's generalities have to do with this particular instance. His Negro was not subjected, during his recital, to any of the various influences described, and even though he had been, I am sure he was far too old to have been affected by them.

Oh, no. I think Mr. Page might as well own up that it was a very warm day (like this) and Homer nodded. Another point, I think, might be scored against the so-called dialect writers. Why is it that they spell phonetically words which a Negro pronounces exactly the same as a white man does? For instance, the Caucasian will be made to say 'enough said'; the African, 'nuff sed.' Why shouldn't they both be written alike, at least as far as they go? They are pronounced so. A white man reporting a Negro's speech has no business to write as the Negro would write. This is one evidence of how much nonsense there is in the whole system of dialect (?) writing. And if, as Mr. Page says, there is but little Negro dialect, if what there is is constantly changing, if the proof-reader is careless, if the printer shirks or blunders, if the finished result is, to a great extent, unintelligible and absurd, why not, then, in the name of reason, common-sense, convenience, and intelligence, drop the foolish business altogether—at least, almost altogether? For myself, I am sure that fully one-half the pleasure I should have had in reading Mr. Page's story was lost through the outlandish lingo put into old Sam's mouth. This is the era of Reform. Let us reform the 'dialect tale,' and tell our stories as our fathers told theirs, in 'simple English, pure and undefiled,' with only an occasional *lapsus linguae* (or *pennae*) as a sacrifice to Nature—or concession to Art!

RICHMOND, VA., July 11.

G. W. C.

[We are afraid G. W. C. is a Philistine—as well as a Reformer.—EDS. CRITIC.]

Love's Messenger.

FLYE lightly, litle scribbled Page,
Nor heede ye storme and darke,
Like some sweete Birde that leaves ye Cage
Or dove from out ye Arke.

Goe fleetly, litle manuscripte,
Like as a winged sprite,
Or true love's messenger equipt
To finde my Hearte's Delighte.

Looke on Her cheeke so softe and faire,
Where virgin Beautie growes,
And tel me which prevaileth there,—
Ye Lilly or ye Rose.

I looked at Her long, long ago,
When summer blossomed faire,—
A red rose on Her breaste of Snow
And Berries in Her haire.

I saw Her reade upon ye barke
Ye Letters plaine to see,
Which I with hunting knife did marke
Deepe on ye greenwoode Tree.

Goe, beg Her with complaisante arte,
My foolish litle Rime,
To bringe backe to my constante Hearte
Ye pleasante summer Time;

Tel Her my Hearte doth beare on it
Her image, deare to Me,
Which will outlast ye Letters writ
Upon ye greenwoode Tree.

J. A. MACON.

The Lounger

I AM interested in the story of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's increased weight. It comes from the *Atlanta Constitution*, the paper to which Mr. Harris gives his valuable services. Mr. Harris was run down by hard work, not all on *The Constitution*, and was becoming thinner and thinner and paler and paler every day, so he took a vacation. Did he go to the seashore and pass his days in battling with the surf and his nights in fighting the mosquitoes, or to the mountains with their rarefied

air and sparkling trout streams? No. He sought the retirement of his own garden in the outskirts of Atlanta, and there, among his bees and flowers, he dug and planted and plucked to his heart's content. Occasionally he strolled over to a neighboring base-ball field and scored a home-run, and at the end of a week he had added seven pounds to his weight!

HERE is a hint for tired editors. They need not go away from home to get rest and health, but have only to betake themselves to their gardens, and from under their own vines and fig-trees they will come forth as new men. But then the serious question arises, Where are they to find the garden with the creeping vine and spreading fruit tree? Few, alas! are blessed with these sources of health and happiness. There are undoubtedly many newspaper proprietors who count their possessions by the acre, but the rank and file of journalists pay no taxes on real estate and live their lives in flats, and flats, as built at present, have no gardens attached. There are one or two with gardens on the roof, but these are not within the means of the average editor. The most practical solution of the garden problem has been arrived at by John Habberton of the *Herald*, better known, perhaps, as the author of 'Helen's Babies.' He has been living in the picturesque old town of New Rochelle for the past six or seven years. He has fruit gardens and vegetable gardens and flower gardens, and velvet lawns and green trees. He is away from the noise of the city, and yet he is within fifty minutes of his office desk. London editors live at quite as great distances from their business; why should not New York editors follow this excellent example?

THE Century Company is said to possess the last autograph signature made by Gen. Grant. It is an endorsement on the back of a \$1,000 check, not a check sent him in payment of any special article, by the way, but a graceful acknowledgment of the value of his articles after the stipulated price had been paid.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is seeking inspiration at Stratford-on-Avon with a party of American friends including Mr. Wm. Winter, the dramatic critic of *The Tribune*. This seems to me a most fitting pilgrimage for members of the theatrical profession and it is one that they are constantly making. On the other hand how seldom one hears of a musician making a pilgrimage to the birthplace or the tomb of Mozart or Beethoven?

A SPANISH barber—not 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia,' but *el barbero de Gibraltar*, who is a Spaniard and an Englishman by turns, as circumstances suggest—reminded me this month of the anniversary of the shooting of Garfield. I soon found that it was not the shooting but the death of the President, which occurred on the 19th of September, 1881, that interested him; and that it did so chiefly because it had furnished him with a theme for a poem. After explaining that the President's spirit had taken its flight after dark, the old gentleman recited the following memorial poem with all the impressiveness possible to an elocutionist only four feet tall:

In mourning was the sky,
When Garfields die!

As no pledge of secrecy was exacted, I feel at liberty to give this masterpiece to the world, and hereby bespeak for it a permanent place in the American anthology. It might be more grammatical: it could not be more epigrammatical. Its greatest merit is that it is probably the shortest of the many thousand commemorative verses inspired by the same unfortunate event.

AN interesting article in the August *Harper* on English railways, is apt to leave the impression that checking baggage is unknown across the Atlantic. Speaking from personal experience alone, one Railway Company at least, the Northwestern, will check a trunk from any hotel in London to any hotel in New York. It is true that the English themselves show no desire to alter their past method of handling baggage, and that the 'check' system has been introduced with sole regard to the convenience of Americans. But from the personal assurance of Mr. Eddy, the manager of the Railway referred to, it would seem that not even the Americans cared much for the check system outside of this country, judging by the fact that very few American trunks come over under check. Would not this go to show that the English after all are more wide awake travellers than we generally think them?

Pithom Endorsed by Ebers.

THE most recent document in the controversy as to the identification of the Biblical Pithom is a letter of Ebers in the London *Academy* of May 23d. Ebers accepts without reserve, as do all other Egyptologists of note, Naville's discovery of the city at Tel el-Maskhutah, and devotes his letter chiefly to exposing the weakness and unfairness of a writer who in *The Athenæum*, two or three months ago, took up the opposite side, with more zeal than discretion. It does not appear that the truth of Naville's identification can any longer be denied: and the matter is one of great and wide-reaching interest. If there can thus come to light a city possessing the name by which it is called in the Exodus, used for the purpose there stated, and even appearing to reflect in the style of its material (though upon this Naville lays no stress) the curious story of the Hebrews' difficulties with their brick-making—then a different kind and degree of authenticity is seen to belong to the stories of the early fates of the nation from what many men have of late been inclined to admit. It will take a long time to work these verifications into ancient Hebrew history, giving them their true place and value there; and as to how much is to be inferred from them, we must be content to wait for their full discussion by special scholars.

The Muse of History.*

[A. Birrell, author of 'Obiter Dicta,' in *The Contemporary Review*.]

THE Regius Professor of Modern History at the University of Cambridge has so many claims upon the attention of all good men, and has such especial claims upon mine, that I feel a certain shyness in giving audible expression to views about history and history-writing which are not his. The undertaking, however, though desperate, is lawful, and may be conducted without offence. Ever since the printing-press of his university published Professor Seeley's work on Stein, his tone in referring to other historians has become severe, and he has spoken of them as if they were but unauthorized practitioners of the science of History, and as though their pleasant volumes were but plausible quackeries, all jelly and no powder. This view of things, after finding chance expression in lectures and papers, has received more definite treatment in Professor Seeley's most recent and most opportune book, which everybody has read, 'The Expansion of England,' which opens thus:—'It is a favorite maxim of mine that history, while it should be scientific in its method, should pursue a practical object—that is, it should not merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past, but modify his view of the present and his forecast of the future. Now, if this maxim be sound, the history of England ought to end with something that might be called a moral.'

This, it must be admitted, is a large order. The task of the historian, as here explained, is not merely to tell us the story of the past, and thus gratify our curiosity, but, pursuing a practical object, to seek to modify our views of the present and help us in our forecasts of the future; and this the historian is to do, not unconsciously and incidentally, but deliberately and of set purpose. One can well understand how history, so written, will usually begin with a maxim and invariably end with a moral.

What we are told on p. 166 follows in logical sequence upon our first quotation—namely, that 'history fades into mere literature (the italics are ours) when it loses sight of its relation to practical politics.' In this grim sentence we read the dethronement of Clio. The poor thing must forswear her father's house, her tuneful sisters, the invocation of the poet, the worship of the dramatist, and keep her terms at the university, where, if she is really studious and steady, and avoids literary companions (which ought not to be difficult), she may hope some day to be received into the Royal Society as a second-rate science. The people who do not usually go to the Royal Society will miss their old playmate from her accustomed slopes, but, even were they to succeed in tracing her to her new home, access would be denied them; for Professor Seeley, that stern custodian, has his answer ready for all such seekers. 'If you want recreation, you must find it in Poetry, particularly Lyrical Poetry. Try Shelley. We can no longer allow you to disport yourselves in the Fields

of History as if they were a mere playground. Clio is enclosed.'

At present, however, this is not quite the case; for the old literary traditions are still alive, and prove somewhat irritating to Professor Seeley, who, though one of the most even-tempered of writers, is to be found on p. 173 almost angry with Thackeray, a charming person, who, as we all know, had, after his lazy, literary fashion, made an especial study of Queen Anne's time, and who cherished the pleasant fancy that a man might lie in the heather with a pipe in his mouth, and yet, if he had only an odd volume of *The Spectator* or *The Tatler* in his hand, be learning history all the time. 'As we read in these delightful pages,' says the author of 'Esmond,' 'the past age returns; the England of our ancestors is revived; the Maypole rises in the Strand; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses; and so on, in the style we all know and love so well, and none better, we may rest assured than Professor Seeley himself, if only he were not tortured by the thought that people were taking this to be a specimen of the science of which he is a Regius Professor. His comment on this passage of Thackeray's is almost a groan. 'What is this but the old literary groove, leading to no trustworthy knowledge?' and certainly no one of us, from letting his fancy gaze on the Maypole in the Strand, could ever have foretold the Griffin. On the same page he cries: 'Break the drowsy spell of narrative. Ask yourself questions, set yourself problems; your mind will at once take up a new attitude. Now modern English history breaks up into two grand problems—the problem of the Colonies and the problem of India.' The Cambridge School of History with a vengeance.

In a paper read at the South Kensington Museum on the 4th of last August, Professor Seeley observes: 'The essential point is this, that we should recognize that to study history is to study not merely a narrative, but at the same time certain theoretical studies.' He then proceeds to name them as follows:—Political philosophy, the comparative study of legal institutions, political economy, and international law. These passages are, I think, adequate to give a fair view of Professor Seeley's position. History is a science, to be written scientifically and to be studied scientifically in conjunction with other studies. It should pursue a practical object and be read with direct reference to practical politics—using the latter word, no doubt, in an enlightened sense. History is not a narrative of all sorts of facts—biographical, moral, political—but of such facts as a scientific diagnosis has ascertained to be historically interesting. In fine, History, if her study is to be profitable and not a mere pastime, less exhausting than skittles and cheaper than horse exercise, must be dominated by some theory capable of verification by reference to certain ascertained facts belonging to a particular class.

Is this the right way of looking upon History? The dictionaries tell us that history and story are the same word, and are derived from a Greek source, signifying information obtained by inquiry. The natural definition of history, therefore, surely is the story of man upon earth, and the historian is he who tells us any chapter or fragment of that story. All things that on earth do dwell have, no doubt, their history as well as man; but when a member, however humble, of the human race speaks of history without any explanatory context, he may be presumed to be alluding to his own family records, to the story of humanity during its passage across the earth's surface. 'A talent for history'—I am quoting from an author whose style, let those mock at it who may, will reveal him—'may be said to be born with us as our chief inheritance. History has been written with quipo-threads, with feather pictures, with wampum belts, still oftener with earth-mounds and monumental stone-heaps, whether as pyramid or cairn, for the Celt and the Copt, the red man as well as the white, lives between two eternities, and warring against oblivion, he would fain unite himself in clear, conscious relation, as in dim unconscious relation he is already united with the whole future and the whole past.'

To keep the Past alive for us is the pious function of the historian. Our curiosity is endless, his the task of gratifying it. We want to know what happened long ago. Performance of this task is only proximately possible—but none the less it must be attempted, for the demand for it is born afresh with every infant's cry. History is a Pageant and not a Philosophy.

Poets, no less than professors, occasionally say good things even in prose, and the following oracular utterance of Shelley is not pure nonsense:—'History is the cyclic poem written by Time upon the memories of men. The Past, like an inspired Rhapsodist, fills the theatre of everlasting generations with her harmony.' If this be thought a little too fanciful, let me adorn this page with a passage from one of the great masters of Eng-

* To be continued.

lish prose—Walter Savage Landor. Would that the pious labor of transcription could confer the tiniest measure of the gift! In that bundle of Imaginary Letters Landor called 'Pericles and Aspasia,' we find Aspasia writing to her friend Cleone as follows:—

'To-day there came to visit us a writer who is not yet an Author: his name is Thucydides. We understand that he has been these several years engaged in preparation for a history. Pericles invited him to meet Herodotus, when that wonderful man had returned to our country and was about to sail from Athens. Until then it was believed by the intimate friends of Thucydides that he would devote his life to Poetry, and such is his vigor both of thought and expression that he would have been the rival of Pindar. Even now he is fonder of talking on poetry than any other subject, and blushed when history was mentioned. By degrees, however, he warmed, and listened with deep interest to the discourse of Pericles on the duties of a historian. "May our first Athenian historian not be the greatest," said he, "as the first of our dramatists has been, in the opinion of many. We are growing too loquacious both on the stage and off. We make disquisitions which render us only more and more dim-sighted, and excursions that only consume our stores. If some among us who have acquired celebrity by their compositions, calm, candid, contemplative men, were to undertake the history of Athens from the invasion of Xerxes, I should expect a fair and full criticism on the orations of Antiphon, and experience no disappointment at their forgetting the battle of Salamis. History, when she has lost her Muse, will lose her dignity, her occupation, her character, her name. She will wander about the Agora; she will start, she will stop, she will look wild, she will look stupid, she will take languidly to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand apart. The Field of History should not merely be well tilled, but well peopled. None is delightful to me or interesting in which I find not as many illustrious names as have a right to enter it. We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. Let the books of the treasury lie closed as religiously as the Sibyl's; leave weights and measures in the market-place, Commerce in the harbor, the Arts in the light they love, Philosophy in the shade: place History on her rightful throne, and at the sides of her, Eloquence and War.'"

This is, doubtless, a somewhat full-dress view of History. Landor was not one of our modern dressing-gown and slippers kind of author. He always took pains to be splendid, and preferred stately magnificence to chatty familiarity. But, after allowing for this, is not the passage I have quoted infused with a great deal of the true spirit which should animate the historian, and does it not seem to take us by the hand, and lead us very far away from Professor Seeley's maxims and morals, his theoretical studies, his political philosophy, his political economy, and his desire to break the drowsy spell of narrative, and to set us all problems? I ask this question in no spirit of enmity towards these theoretical studies, nor do I doubt for one moment that the student of history proper, who has a turn in their direction, will find his pursuit made only the more fascinating the more he studies them—just as a little botany is said to add to the charm of a country walk; but—and surely the assertion is not necessarily paradoxical—these studies ought not to be allowed to disfigure the free flowing outline of the Historical Muse, or to thicken her clear utterance, which in her higher moods chants an epic, and in her ordinary moods recites a narrative which need not be drowsy.

As for maxims, we all of us have our 'little hoard of maxims' wherewith to preach down our hearts and justify anything shabby we may have done, but the less we import their cheap wisdom into history the better. The author of the 'Expansion of England' will probably agree with Burke in thinking that 'a Great Empire and a Small Mind go ill together,' and so, surely, *a fortiori*, must a mighty universe and any possible maxim. There have been plenty of brave historical maxims before Professor Seeley's, though only Lord Bolingbroke's has had the good luck to become itself historical.* And as for theories,

* 'History is Philosophy teaching by Examples.'

Professor Flint, a very learned writer, has been at the pains to enumerate fourteen French and thirteen German philosophies of history current (though some, I expect, never ran either fast or far) since the Revival of Learning.

We are (are we not?) in these days in no little danger of being philosophy-ridden, and of losing our love for facts simply as facts. So long as Carlyle lived, the Concrete had a representative, the strength of whose epithets sufficed, if not to keep the philosophers in awe, at least to supply their opponents with stones. But now it is different. Carlyle is no more a model historian than is Shakespeare a model dramatist. The merest tyro can count the faults of either on his clumsy fingers. That born critic, the late Sir George Lewis, had barely completed his tenth year before he was able, in a letter to his mother, to point out to her the essentially faulty structure of 'Hamlet,' and many a duller wit, a decade or two later in his existence, has come to the conclusion that 'Frederick the Great' is far too long. But whatever were Carlyle's faults, his historical method was superbly naturalistic. Have we a historian left so honestly possessed as he was with the genuine historical instinct, the true enthusiasm to know what happened; or one half so fond of a story for its own sake, or so in love with things, not for what they were, but simply because they were? 'What wonderful things are Events,' wrote Lord Beaconsfield in 'Coningsby'; 'the least are of greater importance than the most sublime and comprehensive speculations.' To say this is to go perhaps too far; certainly it is to go farther than Carlyle, who none the less was in sympathy with the remark—for he also worshipped Events, believing as he did that but for the breath of God's mouth they never would have been events at all. We thus find him always treating even comparatively insignificant facts with a measure of reverence and handling them lovingly, as does a book-hunter the shabbiest pamphlet in his collection. We have only to think of Carlyle's essay on the 'Diamond Necklace' to fill our minds with his qualifications for the proud office of the historian. Were that inimitable piece of workmanship to be submitted to the criticisms of the new scientific school we doubt whether it would be so much as classed, whilst the celebrated description of the night before the battle of Dunbar in 'Cromwell,' or any of the hundred scenes from the 'French Revolution,' would, we expect, be catalogued as good examples of that degrading process whereby history fades into mere literature.

Women as Dramatists.

[From *The Spectator*.]

OF all the puzzles presented by the intellectual differences between the sexes, perhaps the most perplexing is the failure of women to write good dramas. There seems to be absolutely no reason for it. We can understand, at least partly, why there should have been no female Raphael, or Newton, or Darwin—no painter, or student, or naturalist of the absolutely first class—and can even comprehend why, though women study music as much as men, and develop as high a capacity for instrumentation and for song, there should be no female composer of even second-rate mark. The argument that women's minds lack creative power, though often pushed to an absurdity, is so far in accordance with all recorded facts, that it serves at least as a provisional hypothesis to explain what else would be inexplicable; but it does not meet the case of the drama, or give us the smallest reason for believing that there can never be a female Shakespeare. Judging by the evidence alone, women should be admirable playwrights. If there is one thing certain in literature, it is that women do possess and display dramatic faculty of the highest kind; that they can create 'character' as well as men; and that they possess, in at least as high a degree as men, the art or faculty of arranging 'situation.' Englishwomen in particular have rivalled Englishmen as writers of fiction, and this in departments of the art which call more especially for dramatic power. We can conceive of no reason why George Eliot should not have placed her personages on the stage, and have made them as instinct with life, as recognisable by all men, as Shakespeare himself did. What is there in Miss Austen's novels to prove that her comedy, had she devoted herself to the theatre, must have been inferior to Sheridan's? Currer Bell, and still more her sister, the author of 'Wuthering Heights,' could surely have given us a powerful tragedy; while George Eliot was to the very centre of her being a true dramatist. Her powers were never at their highest—we had almost said, were never very great—except when she allowed her dramatic instincts full play, and vivified by her thoughts, her humor, and her percep-

tion of the tragic, some form which was not her own. She could not write for herself as she could make any one of a hundred characters talk. She could make the frequenters of an ale-parlor—a scene which, as she told the late Mr. John Blackwood, she had never witnessed—as real in bearing and speech and action as Shakspeare could have done; while her personages, and more especially her comic personages, are as true as any the dramatist has ever produced,—so true, that the reader could predict their action or their speech in situations not described. Place old Tulliver—a minor sketch—under any circumstances, and ten thousand people would guess rightly what he would do or say. There is another novelist coming forward who, if we do not misread 'Colonel Enderby's Wife,' will speedily be recognized as belonging to the front rank in literature; yet 'Lucas Malet,' whatever her power, will not attempt a Hamlet. What, then, is it that fails? It certainly is not histrionic capacity, for women make as good actors on the stage as men, and in domestic life much better, from their much greater practice; nor is it the faculty of devising situations. Currer Bell's situations are as strong as those of any dramatist; and we can point to scenes in Mrs. Oliphant's admirable—though unequal—novels, which would make the fortune of any play. To take but two,—the entrance of the gipsy mother into the magistrates' court, in 'Young Musgrave,' surpasses anything in Scott in scenic power; while Carry's revelation to her mother, in 'The Ladies Lindores,' is essentially a grand scene in a lofty tragedy, and could be placed as it stands upon the stage. Some thing must be wanting, for at least in our day women attempt all things, and are thirsty for fame and money; the pecuniary rewards of the successful dramatist are far higher than those of the novelist, and the place to be acquired in literature is at least as enduring. Not to speak of Shakspeare, scarcely any novelist will live as Ben Jonson has lived, and Sheridan will survive a dozen humorists as attractive as himself. There is no etiquette or custom which debars women from writing for the stage; and managers would be as willing to make fortunes by their aid as to make them by the aid of men, or indeed even more willing, for they would hope, at first at all events, to obtain their assistance at a cheaper rate.

That women should succeed in fiction far more frequently than men is not surprising. The 'leisured classes,' as Mr. Gladstone once called them, with a happy indication of their most separate privilege, do not shine in literature, and except in the leisured classes, women have more opportunity for social observation than men, and use it better. They are not weary with work when the time for watching arrives. They appreciate character more quickly, and see deeper into it; and when they make mistakes, make them so completely that the character they have misread is still to them a living whole, though it happens not to be the right whole. When they fail to see John rightly, they nevertheless see a John. They rarely travel out of their depth, and within their depth they have a perception such as few men, except, perhaps, Mr. Henry James, possess, accompanied by a tolerance such as men seldom display. Women are accused of intolerance, and often display it; but they are not intolerant when they wish to understand, and they do wish to understand their own creations. No man would have quite the mercy of Currer Bell for both Rochester and St. John, or George Eliot for Will Ladislaw and Mr. Brooke, or of Lucas Malet for Bertie Ames. Then women see complications, silent tragedies, voiceless comedies, all the 'situations' of the social drama, far better than men, with more insight, more sympathy, and more antipathy, which last is nearly as penetrating, and, we fancy, improve them more in their own minds, building them more completely into 'scenes.' They ponder over them more, and being comparatively less free than men, have far more interest in understanding them aright. Men observe for amusement, women observe in instinctive self-protection. The drawing-room, which seems to the men full of bores, or, at all events, indifferent persons getting through an evening, has often been to their women a stage full of little dramas, of new human beings, of causes for silent tears or laughter. Men are not always quite so dense as Mrs. Oliphant, for instance, makes them out to be, and sometimes they perceive the social play going on in a very keen-sighted way; but they are usually slower than women, and when they are not, have a tendency to read into the scenes before them more than is actually there. The women see more truly; and many a woman guiltless of novels goes away, say from a country-house, with her mind full of stories, each one of which, if an artist in fiction could but get it, would make an admirable chapter. Add to this faculty the power of expression, and some tendency to observe nature, and we have the novelist ready made; but then why is she not also the dram-

atist ready made? All the powers we have mentioned are those essential to make up the original playwright; and what then is deficient? We scarcely know, unless it be courage; but possibly we may get some light from noticing how very few successful male novelists have also been dramatists. Charles Reade is an exception; but even he, when he made a drama of a novel, called in professional aid. Is it not probable that the impulse which induces male novelists to feel that they cannot tell a story well in jerks, and through its personages alone, but must tell it as a narrative, and supply background, and fill up accessories and here and there explain or hint their own meaning—as 'Lucas Malet,' for example, does so remarkably through the introduction of the monkey 'Malvolio'—is common to all women of literary power? There is something bare and sculpturesque in the dramatist's method which the born tale-teller naturally avoids; and it is tale-telling which attracts the women who can write. They want, even if they have the dramatic force of George Eliot, in order to see their characters thoroughly, to see them in place, to indicate that place, and to do for them all that the stage-manager, and the scene-painter, and the property-man do for the characters in a drama. Even the Minstrel cannot quite create the Lady of Branksome without the help of

Her bower that was guarded by word and spell,
Deadly to hear and deadly to tell;
Jesu Maria guard us well,

and you cannot put that touch upon the stage. That explanation is, we are convinced, true as far as it goes, though it does not quite cover the whole distance. We fear we must attribute the something that remains to that ineradicable difference of mental sex which comes out now and again in such unexpected places, and has denied to the world what *à priori* every observer would have expected to find,—a female theologian. From the days of Deborah women have been talking theology, and have understood theological systems; they have produced saints, and martyrs, and preachers; but they have never founded a creed, or destroyed a creed, or produced a book on theology that affected the convictions of entire communities. Ebenezer Elliott sings,—

She has no Raphael, Painting saith;
No Newton, Learning cries;
Show us her steamship, her Macbeth,
Her thought-won victories.

But the absence of the feminine Jonathan Edwards and the female Sheridan is much less explicable than the want of these. Perhaps the latter will be supplied yet, for we remain ill-convinced by all the evidence of all the generations that women cannot write good plays.

Neapolitan Story-Tellers and Buffoons.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

In Northern countries learning to read and write is usually considered the necessary prelude to all intellectual culture. In Naples this is far from being the case. The story of the nobleman who said it was very well for shopkeepers to have their children instructed in such arts, since they might have to gain a living by them, but that his son would always be in a position to pay some one to do such menial services, is probably apocryphal, but not many years ago large businesses were conducted and comfortable fortunes made by men who could not read a line in a newspaper, and whose skill in writing was strictly limited to an ability to sign their own names. In this respect a great change has come over the city of late years, chiefly through the instruction provided in the army, but even now a large number of the poorer men and the great majority of their wives and daughters would find a great difficulty in deciphering the simplest printed sentence, though a love of lotto has generally induced them to acquire some knowledge of the numerals. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that the minds of these unlettered lazzaroni are as empty or as untrained as those whose whole intellectual nourishment has been derived from books may be inclined to imagine. Indeed, a lover of paradox might almost assert that the higher culture of a nation stands in inverse proportion to its ability to read. The change which has substituted the latest music-hall song for 'Chevy Chase,' he might argue, has not been an unmixed improvement. In the age of England's greatest intellectual vigor, the schools were far more sparsely attended than at present; the men whose minds had been awakened by the startling changes of the Reformation therefore rushed to the churches and theatres to satisfy the intellectual hunger of which they had suddenly become conscious instead of appeasing it by devouring the latest newspaper or the current review, and some-

how the sermons and dramas of those days appear even to us to be superior to the best of our essays and leading articles. We will not drive our poor paradox further, but freely abandon him to the tender mercies of any new Moses Primrose who may be on the look-out for such wares. All we wish is to remind the reader that intellectual pleasure may be derived from other sources besides books.

A provider of amusement which many of the Neapolitan lazzaroni greatly delight in is the old-fashioned story-teller. He is only to be found in the gardens and kitchens of the smallest inns, and never emerges into the more respectable quarters of the town or the dining-rooms that foreigners frequent. Indeed, he is rarely fitted to appear there to advantage; his clothes are shabby and not improbably torn, and his breath is so strongly perfumed with garlic that in order to enjoy his company it is necessary to keep on the weather-side of him. He usually speaks the broadest Neapolitan, though, if he catches sight of a foreign auditor from whom a larger gratuity than usually falls to his lot may be expected, he will make a feeble effort to express himself in Italian. In his customary haunts he is a welcome guest. He enters them with a confident mien, and eyes those who are seated at the tables; if they are too few or too poverty-stricken, he retires with a bow; otherwise he stations himself in a convenient position, assumes an imposing attitude, and coughs. All conversation is hushed in a moment, and the chairs are pushed so as to allow their occupants a full view of the narrator. He usually introduces his tale by some short moral remark such as, 'Gentlemen, though it is the duty of children to obey their parents, it is not well for fathers and mothers to impose too severe a restraint on their inclinations, as the history of Princess — clearly shows. Listen to it, and you will agree with me.' His stories are generally of a romantic and pathetic character, and they deal freely with fabulous animals and supernatural events. In the more moving scenes passages of verse are introduced, and though all the rest of the tale, down to the very moral it is supposed to teach, is occasionally varied, these lines always remain the same. When the narrator trusts his voice he sings them, otherwise he pronounces them in a declamatory tone, strongly emphasizing rhyme and rhythm. During the rest of the performance his manner is easy and animated by turns. He relates the adventures of his hero almost as if they had happened to himself; he indulges freely in gesture, and mimics the voices of the principal characters. When he has reached the most stirring incident in the tale, and every one is anxious to know what happened next, he suddenly pauses, borrows a plate from the landlord, and goes round to collect the soldi. If the harvest is satisfactory he returns to his post and finishes the narrative; if not, he retires with a polite bow. One of these men is said to have made a large profit by forgetting the conclusion of his best story. What the story was no one can now say; but tradition reports it to have been the best ever told in a tavern garden. Nobody who heard the beginning had any rest till he knew the end, and on the narrator departing without finishing it, the disappointed listeners suspected each other of stinginess. When the story-teller reappeared after a few days the same tale was eagerly demanded, and the contributions were unusually liberal; but he departed as before. The same scene was repeated a number of times and in different parts of the town. At last the frequenters of one of the taverns where he often appeared came to an understanding with each other. He should not have another soldo till the tale was told to the very end. When he asked for the plate the innkeeper informed him of the resolution of his guests, and offered himself to collect the coppers and keep them till the story was finished. It was only then that the old man confessed with tears that he had quite forgotten how the beautiful princess escaped from her difficulties. All he could remember was that the conclusion was happy. Then he hurried away without even waiting to make a bow, and never again revisited the garden.

The humorous story-teller is more rarely to be met. In many respects he follows, or rather parodies, the manner of his sentimental colleague. He, too, generally begins with an aphorism; but this, instead of inculcating a moral lesson, is usually a satirical comment upon the frailty of women. The men are delighted, and their wives and daughters take the hard hits good-humoredly enough. They know that neither the story-tellers nor the hearers believe the statements they are so fond of making and listening to. From old priests and ladies have been considered fair game by Italian wits, and the latter at least accept the position gracefully and without protest. The story that follows is well worthy of the introduction. It invariably deals with common, and not unfrequently with modern, life. In character it resembles the broader of Boccaccio's tales, though

of course it is entirely wanting in the charm of his inimitable style and manner. But, though any amount of license in the choice of subject is permitted, it is not this that attracts the audience. If he is to succeed, the narrator must possess a ready wit, and at least some sense of humor; his countenance must be expressive and entirely under his control; if it is slightly grotesque, so much the better, for grimaces are highly appreciated, and custom allows him less freedom of gesture than his romantic rival. He is expected to satirize the host, to refer playfully to the various family parties present, to any little incident that may happen in the garden, to current events and things in general, without allowing his story to drag. His language cannot be called chaste, either in a moral or a literary sense; but even in this respect there is an unwritten law which he must not transgress, but which cannot be explained at present. His entrance and his exit are similar to those which have already been described; but when he hands round the plate he freely exchanges jokes for soldi, and not unfrequently when he leaves you feel yourself almost his debtor, so great is the affability with which he accepts your small donation.

Humor is proverbially apt to degenerate into buffoonery, but in Naples the buffoon stands distinctly higher in the social scale than the comic story-teller. However broken his voice and his fortunes may be, it is rarely that any true master of the art will give a representation in the tavern gardens and kitchens to which the lazzaroni resort. He can always make a better living by instructing pupils, for this is one of the favorite amusements of apprentices, young mechanics, and shopkeepers. They club together, hire a master to instruct them, and practise alone on other evenings. When they have attained a certain proficiency, they unexpectedly appear in some gathering of their friends, and produce a few pieces which are, of course, greeted with enthusiastic applause. At every future social meeting they will be entreated to perform, and will enjoy all the delight which the warm recognition of their elderly friends and the smiles of young and rosy lips can impart. Their younger acquaintances, too, will applaud, sometimes vociferously enough; but in their case admiration is apt to be tempered by jealousy. This distinction and the pleasure they derive from their rehearsals are the only rewards the amateurs desire. But the master keeps his eye on his pupils. If any of them display unusual talent, he in due time invites him to a private interview, where he meets others of talents equal to though different from his own. A higher course of instruction begins, and thus troupes are formed who are ready, for a consideration, to give a representation in the houses of strangers, though they never, we believe, appear in public places, and certainly never demand alms. The prices they command vary with their ability and their reputation. It must be understood that to call a man a great buffoon in Naples is to pay him a high compliment. It is often comic to observe how after an English party have been pestered by a humorous but too persistent a beggar, the chief person in it extracts his dictionary from his pocket with the greatest difficulty, and, after searching for the word, pronounces it to the best of his ability, while all his companions reiterate 'grande, grande, grande,' as they do not quite trust their tongues with the more formidable word. To the mendicant the abuse is as music; for once his comic powers have been appreciated, and he feels surer than ever of a plentiful reward. 'What greater condemnation can you pronounce on any race or class,' exclaims the Philistine, 'than to acknowledge that they regard the buffoon with admiration?'

Va bene. Our friend the Philistine is a useful member of society, gifted with much common sense, and in this case he would be quite right if the word had in both languages exactly the same meaning. Unfortunately it has not. In Naples buffoonery is a distinct, and in some respects a highly developed, form of art. A great buffoon is a great comic actor and singer in a certain style. To judge of his merits you must see him with a good company in some private house. Each of the performers has a guitar, and the representation begins with a piece of light music. Suddenly one of the buffoons advances, and begins to relate in prose a ridiculous and generally rather discreditable imaginary incident in his own life. His companions remain silent, or only emphasize the points of the story by a touch or so on the strings of their instruments, until he gives the catchword, when they suddenly break out into a chorus which drowns his voice. At first he gesticulates dumbly, as if he desired to protest against the very uncomplimentary remarks of his companions; afterward he stands for a time in silent dejection; but when the air is repeated he himself leads the mocking fraternity, though with a resigned and mournful air. While his associates dwell on the comic, he insists, even in singing, on the pathetic side of the adventure; when they laugh, he weeps. After the

chorus has thus been twice repeated, he resumes his narrative. His gestures all through are exaggerated; and, if he possesses any talent, he heightens the effect of his performance by caricaturing the manner of some public man or of some person present whom he knows to be too good-humored to take offence at the liberty. When he has finished his companions occupy his place turn by turn. If a love adventure is related, the leading performer generally introduces a sentimental verse or two, sometimes with great effect. As soon as he has finished, however, his associates reproduce the ditty in quicker time and with altered words.

Such performances as these, as we have already said, are not for the lazzaroni. The members of these companies have generally professions of their own, and only look upon their art as a recreation, though they have no objection to earning a few lire by it when opportunity offers. Those who perform in the taverns have, for the most part, as indifferent a reputation in buffoonery as in more important matters. And yet it is only in taverns that the art of the buffoon is ever seen to full perfection. Such exhibitions are always the result of chance, and even the regular frequenter of such places may consider himself fortunate if he has an opportunity of witnessing one, the more so as it costs him nothing, and any donation except a cigar and a glass of wine would be considered an insult. The host himself may be an amateur, or two buffoons of recognized reputation may meet by chance in his garden. In this case a contest is likely to occur. A guitar is procured, the rivals stand side by side, each caricatures the manner and speech of the other, and the public is left to decide by its applause between them. They usually begin with the set-pieces which the companies purchase and perform, but if they are men worth hearing, they soon begin to improvise tale, verse, and music. There is no sin, crime, stupidity, or folly, which each will not, while assuming the personality of his opponent, accuse himself of. As the contest proceeds the wickedness and the humor increase, since each performer has to outbid his rival. It is only on such occasions that the intellectual vivacity of the born buffoon can be appreciated, and when one has witnessed such an exhibition it is easy to understand why the words 'You are not really a poor man, but a great buffoon,' are considered a compliment by beggars.

Foreigners who understand the Neapolitan dialect, and they are few, are very apt to misunderstand the position, both social and moral, of the story-tellers and buffoons. They are not paupers; they would resent a penny if it were offered them in the streets. They earn their livelihood, as they think, fairly and honestly by supplying a real intellectual want, and allowing their customers to estimate their services as they choose. In moral respects, too, they are not nearly as loose in their language and suggestions as the occasional hearer might suppose. In Naples there are no mysteries kept hidden from children. Among the lower classes, at least, everything is openly talked about between men and women in the hearing of their little sons and daughters. The result is that the reserve we practise in the north would be absurd. No one of an age to follow a story or a piece of buffoonery is, or pretends to be, ignorant of a number of matters of which all the unmarried ladies of England are conventionally supposed to have no idea. We do not say that this is the better, or even a good way; it would be impossible but for the almost prison-like seclusion in which girls are held by the Southern Italians; but it is the way of Naples, and, this being the case, the art of Naples is founded upon it. It would be absurd to demand from the buffoon and the story-teller a reserve that parents and teachers do not practise. Every subject is therefore open to the professional who chooses to deal with it, but he must deal with it in the recognized professional way. He must utter no indecency that may not be understood in a purely natural and innocent sense, and he must never endeavor to inflame the passions. The interest of his piece or story must centre on some ridiculous incident; all the by-play of suggestion and double meaning that he introduces must lead up to this. It heightens the effect, but it will not excuse the want of a point. All things are permitted to the performer, if only he uses them discreetly.

The War Correspondent.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

WE do not know how it may be with other people, but we, for our part, are very tired of hearing the praises of the War Correspondent. They are much too persistently sung, which is enough to make them a bore, and then they are much too indiscriminate. If we only had to put up with hearing of the valor of War Correspondents, the infliction would be endurable. No-

body doubts the readiness of these gentlemen to go under fire. The numerous persons who hated Lord Lucan were compelled to end up their abuse of him by acknowledging that 'D—n him, he is brave.' We are quite prepared to make the same concession as regards the War Correspondent. For the rest, we hope that the quality of courage has not yet become so rare in this country that it should be a cover for all sins. Rescue parties can always be formed after a colliery explosion, and there is never any want of volunteers to man lifeboats or Margate luggers. Even the florist—an essentially peaceful person—can find young men to hunt up orchids in Borneo in defiance of miasma and head-hunters. All these are quite as courageous fellows as the War Correspondents, but they are not incessantly asking for our admiration. Now he is, and he does it with copious autobiographical illustration through columns of the newspapers. When he comes home the Savage Club, as the representative of English literature, asks him to dinner and tells him what a hero he is. All this, though blatant enough, is pardonable by whoever remembers the natural vanity of man, and particularly of the scribbling man. The thing, however, becomes noxious when the bagman of journalism talks about himself as a public servant, and expatiates on the alliance between the sword and the pen. Socks are as necessary to mankind as newspaper reports, but the modest persons who travel with thread and woolen specimens do not call themselves public servants. They are content to be men of business, honestly working for a moderate salary.

That there is an alliance between sword and pen is clear enough, neither is there any doubt as to the terms or the object of the treaty. The *Standard* has summed them up so neatly. Military martinets, as that journal calls them, have objected to the War Correspondent, but experience, it adds, has shown military men, who are not martinets, that he is a useful fellow, 'as is testified by the promotions, stars, and medals—to say nothing of the repute—commonly following upon any reported examples of bravery and endurance.' Just so. With a sufficiency of War Correspondents on the spot, a bargain can always be made whereby an adequate dose of puffery may be given for information, or, it may be, malicious tittle-tattle, duly paid in advance. Of course there are officers and Correspondents who do not trade in this fashion—they are even the majority—but some do, or the world has been grossly mistaken, and it is bad enough that this sort of thing should be possible. Even if we are to trust to the honesty of the War Correspondent, who shall answer for his judgment? It is not easy to imagine anything more fatal to discipline than that officers should be accustomed to look beyond or behind their chiefs to an entirely irresponsible and incompetent authority for praise or promotion. However difficult the thing was to discover, a public quarrel still in progress has supplied it. There is no need to enter here on the merits of the dispute between Sir Charles Wilson and Mr. Williams. Neither would it be just, in the absence of information which will not easily be got at in our time. What we have to deal with here is the illustration the quarrel affords of the evils arising out of the presence of War Correspondents with our armies. On the one side is the servant of a newspaper—a private speculation which exists to sell—who rushes into print in a magazine to accuse an officer of gross negligence. On the other is an English general who has allowed himself to be provoked into a wordy war, and has condescended to give and to take the lie. By merely entering on the dispute Sir Charles has proved how the standard of professional pride in the army has sunk. At an earlier period it would have been a matter of course to a gentleman in his position to answer that he had no explanations to give, except to his official chiefs. Mr. Williams cannot be said to have offended against professional etiquette. It was his business to secure an effect, the more striking the better. He has succeeded. We think it well, however, that one of the means he has selected to obtain his effect should not be forgotten. It throws a useful light on the nature of a War Correspondent's work in the army. On his showing, then, Mr. Williams has accused Sir Charles Wilson of gross misconduct, largely on the authority of private soldiers. He has gone to the ranks in search of ill-natured and partially mutinous gossip about a commander. Except to those gentlemen of the 'fourth estate' who offended Mr. Thackeray by slapping him on the back and calling him a brother man of letters, it is unnecessary to explain that the existence of people engaged in this sort of intrigue in a camp is destructive of all discipline. To them the explanation is not superfluous, but the logic needed to make it quite intelligible is not Whateley's. The lesson will be thoroughly learnt if the next of the tribe who is caught at the trick is sent back to the base of operations tied by the wrists to the tail of an ammunition wagon.

Current Criticism

AMERICA BEHIND ENGLAND:—A recent American pamphlet casts a curious light on the question of 'free education' in the United States. There is abundant evidence to show that, in respect of school attendance, both as to the number of scholars enrolled and the regularity of their attendance, the States are behind the best-educated countries of Europe, behind England and Switzerland as well as Germany and Holland. And there is no evidence, so far as can be discovered from State or City Reports, or the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Education at Washington, that the provision of gratuitous education which, since the year 1880, has been made universal throughout the whole territory of the Union, has done anything towards improving the school attendance, or reducing the proportion of 'illiterates' in the country. Indeed, the law of gratuitous education was, strictly speaking, a piece of political legislation, and not at all the effect of genuine educational zeal or enlightenment on the part of its promoters.—*From a Letter in The Spectator.*

NOT A PHILOSOPHIZING SERPENT:—Mary's true existence began, in fact, when, after a gloomy youth, during which she was in turn companion, schoolmistress, and governess, she came to London in 1788, and settled down to support herself by authorship, 'the first of a new genus,' as she truly says. The date is significant. She was no isolated thinker, or 'philosophizing serpent,' to quote Horace Walpole again, but a woman of a highly sensitive mental organization, and she felt keenly the influence of her time. Her 'Vindication of the Rights of Women' is the offspring of the same intellectual forces that were producing the Revolution on the other side the Channel; and it was almost imperative on the biographer of Mary Wollstonecraft to have drawn some comparison between the Englishwoman's way of dealing with this great question and that of her French contemporaries, for in the astonishing reorganization of political institutions there the interests of women were not entirely forgotten. Condorcet wrote an admirable paper, full of a noble spirit, on the subject. In the 'Cercle Social,' whose members consisted of the most advanced philosophical Republicans, women as well as men were admitted, and radical changes affecting the position of the female sex used to be discussed. Mrs. Pennell never touches on this subject.—*The Athenæum.*

MR. ARNOLD'S CLOAK OF LEVITY:—One cannot help thinking what a force Mr. Arnold would be if he dropped his cloak of levity. He has given a clever sermon on Gray, text 'He never spoke out.' One feels that Mr. Arnold has never spoken out the faith that is in him. He began life as an Hellene of the Hellenes, and was as one of those who are at ease in Zion. He has gradually become more Hebraic than the Hebrews, but yet retains the easy manner of the sons of light. What a motive force he might be if he adapted his style to his matter! Mr. Arnold has some admirable words on Carlyle here in the pages before us. Carlyle is weighed in the balance and found wanting; but if we may deplore the want of sweetness in Carlyle might we not regret its overabundance in Mr. Arnold's nature? His best friends might wish to see him—they would certainly be curious to see him—lose his temper for once in a way over some subject that deserves to rouse his ire.—*The Athenæum.*

A WARNING TO MR. ANSTEY:—Mr. Austey must take care. The memory of 'Vice Versa' is with us still, and 'The Giant's Robe,' if not likely to rank as one of the novels of the century, was a work of considerable merit in more ways than one. The stories marshalled under the banner of 'The Black Poodle' prove their author to be among the most effective of those who write comic tales for single numbers of magazines. Therefore, when Mr. Arrowsmith publishes a shilling story by Mr. Anstey the young author is sure of a somewhat eager hearing, and ought to do his best not to disappoint his readers. The story of the young man who put his ring on the finger of a statue of Venus, and got into trouble in consequence, has been told more or less romantically in modern languages, by Burton in 'The Anatomy of Melancholy,' by Prosper Mérimée, and by Mr. William Morris. Mr. Anstey has thought proper to turn it into what he calls a 'farcical romance,' and what we are unwillingly constrained to describe as a somewhat vulgar farce. . . . The whole story leaves an impression of clumsiness, of violent straining for effect, and of inability to see that the beauty of a classical myth is absolutely destroyed by its bodily transplantation into Bloomsbury, and the company of people of the Tittlebat Titmouse type, which we are sorry to find in a writer who can do so well as

Mr. Anstey can if he chooses his subject properly. We should like 'The Tinted Venus' better if it were shorter, and best if it had not been written at all.—*The Saturday Review.*

Notes

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have in press Mrs. Margaret J. Preston's 'Centennial Poem' recently delivered at Lexington, Virginia, in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of Washington and Lee University.

—The 'Miss F. C. Baylor' who has become so popular a contributor to *Lippincott's Magazine*, is Mrs. Fanny Courtenay Baylor Belger, of Texas and Virginia. She belongs to a family (the Baylor) of great note in the South and Southwest, and has spent many years of her life abroad. We understand that *Harper's Monthly* has engaged her services as a story-writer for the next two years.

—Walt Whitman was prostrated by the heat on Thursday of last week. He recovered consciousness before long, but still suffered in his head. We learn from *The Academy* that a subscription is being taken up in London with a view to presenting a free-will offering to the American poet. His English admirers are sending their names to Mr. W. M. Rossetti, 5 Endsleigh Gardens, Euston Square, London, or to Mr. H. H. Gilchrist, 12 Well Road, Hampstead.

—Miss Julia Magruder, daughter of General Magruder, no longer denies the authorship of 'Across the Chasm.'

—'A Canterbury Pilgrimage' (from London to Canterbury), 'ridden, written and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, describes a merry spin, following the road of the famous company of by-gone days. The pages are full of illustrations 'in Mr. Pennell's happier vein.' Messrs. Scribner are the publishers of this book, as well as of one on 'Lawn-Tennis as a Game of Skill,' by Lieut. S. C. F. Peile, a noted expert.

—Near the top of the second column on the first page (p. 25) of THE CRITIC of July 18, for 'the vileness' read 'the silences.'

—We have received a bound volume (second series) of *Christian Thought*, of which Dr. Deems is the editor.

—Captain Roland F. Coffin's 'The America's Cup: How it was Won by the Yacht America in 1851, and How it Has Since Been Defended,' is a work of timely interest, in view of the approaching race for the cup in September. It is to be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—Mr. E. W. Howe, author of 'The Story of a Country Town,' is in Europe enjoying a well earned vacation.

—Among the announcements of Roberts Bros. are the following:—'The Song Celestial,' by Edwin Arnold, from the Mahābhārata; 'The Sermon on the Mount,' the complete text with illustrations by Harry Fenn, W. St. J. Harper, F. S. Church and others with decorative borders by Sidney L. Smith; 'The Joyous Story of Toto,' by Mrs. Laura E. Richards; a selection of Favorite Poems by Jean Ingelow; 'Franklin in France,' by E. E. Hale; 'A Short History of the City of Philadelphia,' by Susan Coolidge and 'The Life and Letters of John Brown, Liberator of Kansas, and Martyr of Virginia.' Edited by Frank B. Sanborn. With two portraits of John Brown and a portrait of his son Owen Brown, an engraving of Brown's birthplace, and fac-similes of important documents. The volume will contain over 650 pages, of which more than half comprise Brown's own letters and other writings by him written during the twenty-five years before his death in 1859. There is also a brief autobiography of his father, Owen Brown, of Hudson, Ohio, telling the story of life in Connecticut a hundred years ago; and there are letters and reminiscences by the children of John Brown.

—The alterations being made in the famous Ticknor mansion, at the head of Park Street, Boston, for business purposes, remind the *Record* of that city that 'there are still in Boston the houses of noted historians which are not likely to be diverted from residential uses for many years to come.' One of these is No. 55 Beacon Street, where William H. Prescott lived and died. His nephew lives there now, and the next house below is occupied by the historian's venerable sister and her son. Francis Parkman lives in a modest red brick house on Chestnut Street, No. 50, when he is not, as at present, in his summer residence at Jamaica Plain. 'Mr. Parkman,' says the *Record*, 'is in his sixty-third year, but he is so active and alert, and has such a fresh complexion, that he appears much younger.' Mr. Bancroft, the oldest of living American historians, President of the St.

Botolph Club and Vice-President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, also had a house in Boston for a number of years. It was on the lower end of Winthrop Place, leading from Summer Street, on the spot now occupied by a granite store belonging to the Weld estate.

—From W. H. C., of Geneva, N. Y.:—Mr. R. L. Stevenson's ingenious and interesting article upon the recurrence of certain sounds in the formation of prose and poetry, especially his remark upon the use of alliteration, led me to examine Shakspeare's 'As You Like It,' and in the opening speech of the duke, in Act II, Scene I, I found a set of seven alliterations, in the following order—*p p, c c, w w, b b b, t t, b b, s s*,—with perhaps two others, not so strongly marked. Their peculiar order—the middle one being a triplet—is, I suppose, merely accidental. Alliteration may some times be a vice, but not in the hands of Shakspeare.

—'The Coming Struggle for India' is the title of a new volume by Prof. Armenius Vámbéry in the press of Cassell & Co.

—Mr. Archibald Forbes, the well-known war correspondent, is writing a biography of the German emperor and with special reference to his military career.

—Messrs. Geo. Routledge & Sons will inaugurate a new series, 'Routledge's Pocket Library,' to be issued in monthly shilling volumes, with Bret Harte's Poems.

—John Ruskin and John Stuart Blackie write to the editor of the University of the City of New York *Quarterly* in reply to inquiries as to their views on the value of Greek and Latin in modern education. Prof. Blackie thinks that only one foreign language should be included in the common school curriculum, and that a modern one will serve as well as Greek or Latin. Prof. Ruskin writes: 'Many thanks for your reference to me—but I never would read nor trouble myself to speak a word on the subject. Knowing classic tongues and history is the primary difference between a gentleman and a clown. I know neither myself (to call knowing) and am a clown, therefore,—but at least one who has the grace to be sorry for himself.'

—M. B. B., of Amenia, N. Y., writes:—In THE CRITIC'S review of 'Scribner's Statistical Atlas' of the United States (May 30) notice is taken of the fact that Colorado, next to Nevada, has the greatest ratio of deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs, and the inference is drawn 'that the high and dry plateaus are not such salutary regions as has been thought.' Statistics, when incomplete, are often a very fallacious guide. With regard to Colorado, a great incompleteness is of course inevitable, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the State's settlement and the floating character of its population. Paradoxical as the statement may seem, it appears to me that the fact of the great mortality from lung diseases is really an indication that the physical conditions there are peculiarly sanitary and curative in that respect. Were they not, such great numbers of consumptives would not flock thither. But, alas! as is well known, an enormously large proportion go only as a last resort, when too late for any means to avail—go only to die. It is thus easy to see—statistics to the contrary notwithstanding—that Colorado may be, and probably is, the best place for those afflicted with lung diseases in the United States.

—Miss Florence Warden, who wrote that popular story, 'The House on the Marsh,' sends the following autobiographical sketch to the London *Theatre*, which publishes her portrait:—I was born in the village of Hanworth, in Middlesex. After being a stubborn and intractable child under nurses and governesses at home, I was sent, with my sister, to a school at Brighton, where she passed a brilliant career as the idlest, wittiest, and most daring girl in the house; while I sneaked through a mean existence as a steady, industrious girl, not clever, but very conceited. At this time I used to write poems, at night, three or four lines at a time, before the gas was put out. After this, we went to school in France, and founded a great reputation at private theatricals. This was my first experience as playwright and manager. I left school just in time to learn that through my father's losses on the Stock Exchange I should have to earn my own living. I became a governess for a short time, and worked very hard, to qualify myself, not only for teaching, but for novel-writing. At last, as I could get nobody to read my MSS., and as the lady whose five children I was teaching said it was 'a pity I should waste my time on such trash,' I dropped the trash and the teaching together, and went on the stage with my sister, against everybody's wishes. For three years we had a horrible and dreary struggle with debt, with ill-health, with

difficulties of all kinds. Then, on the verge of an illness from which I was not expected to recover, I wrote, in two months, 'The House on the Marsh,' which ran in *The Family Herald* without any success, but which, happily for me, hit the taste of the general public in volume form, when it had been noticed by Mr. Edmund Yates in *The World*. Since then, I have written other stories, and have made my first serious attempt at writing for the stage.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1001.—Can any one advise me where I can get a copy of Ranke's History of the Popes during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, translated by Sarah Austin?
GENEVA, N. Y.

T. B. F.

No. 1002.—Who is the President of the Huguenot Society, and what steps must one take in order to become a member?
BALTIMORE, Md.

A. R. L.

[The Hon. John Jay; but all communications should be addressed to the Rev. A. V. Wittmeyer, Secretary, 222 W. 21st Street, New York. The Society is composed of: (1) all descendants, in the direct male lines, of the Huguenot families which emigrated to America prior to the promulgation of the Edict of Toleration, Nov. 23, 1787; (2) all descendants, through the female lines, of the same families; (3) representatives of other French families whose profession of the Protestant faith is anterior to the promulgation of the same Edict; and (4) writers who have made the history, genealogy, principles, etc., of the Huguenots a special subject of study and research, to whatever nationality they may belong.]

No. 1003.—In a recent number of THE CRITIC you mentioned a new departure of the Society of the Cincinnati in the direction of a larger and more comprehensive membership, and gave the address in New York of a member who solicited correspondence on the subject. I should be glad to be given the address again, as I have mislaid my copy of the paper containing it.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

R. H. W., U. S. Army.

[Our correspondent probably refers to a paragraph concerning the organization of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, incorporated May 3, 1884. Address George W. W. Houghton, Secretary, 245 Broadway, New York.]

ANSWERS.

No. 975.—In number 80 of THE CRITIC (July 11), E. G. Keene writes:—'The Molmutine laws, by which the privilege of sanctuary was bestowed upon temples, cities, and the roads leading to them, were said to have been established by Dunwallo Molmutius, a legendary or mythical king of Britain.' There is nothing mythical about him; he was a veritable King of Britain, as much as Constantine was Emperor of Rome. The late Judge Powell, in his 'History of the Ancient Britons and their Descendants' (p. 259), says:—'The preamble of this code [the Code of Laws by Howel Dda, "Howel the Good"] declares that Howel found the ancient laws of Great Britain, by Dyfnwal Moelud, more excellent than any other, and therefore made them the bases of his own.' These laws of Howel the Good are the foundation of the civil laws of England and America.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AP. P. A. MÖN.

No. 988.—A letter from Antwerp, by E. P. Anderson, giving an interesting account of the Exhibition now open in that city, may be found in the *National Baptist*, Philadelphia, of July 9. It is, so far as we have seen, the only account of the Exhibition that has appeared in any of our papers.

No. 994.—1. In Book the Fourth, Chapter VIII, of 'Hyperion,' Longfellow describes a visit to 'a little chapel, whose door stood open, in which was a marble tablet containing the 'singular inscription'—'Look not mournfully into the past,' etc.

NEW YORK CITY.

H.

No. 994.—1. M. N. N. will find the German original of the quotation translated by Longfellow, 'Look not mournfully into the Past,' etc., in Austin's 'Henry W. Longfellow,' page 245. Longfellow himself says, on page 369 of 'Hyperion,' that it appears on a mural tablet in the little chapel of St. Gilgen. Who wrote it will prove a further and interesting question.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, TAUNTON, MASS.

E. C. A.

No. 994.—2. 'Then he told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking,' is quoted from some lines by Dr. Watts, which were exceedingly popular with our ancestors, when early rising was esteemed an especial virtue. They begin:

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
'You have waked me too soon, let me slumber again.'

They are amusingly parodied in 'Alice in Wonderland':

'Tis the voice of the lobster; I heard him declare,
'You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair.'

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION is required to take out an Accident Policy in THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn., guaranteeing a sum of money weekly while disabled from Accidental Injury, and principal sum in case of death resulting therefrom.